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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE EASY MAN.

ALL extremes are bad—even, it would appear, the extreme of goodness; by which I mean good dispositions and habits of extraordinary bountifulness. It seems necessary that we should have a little of the reverse in us, just to defend ourselves against people who are the reverse. Some men are born as if they had been designed for the golden age, and by mistake postponed to the pinchbeck one. I was one of this class, but have been reformed for some time, and am now a pretty passable member of society. In my earliest years, I was distinguished for my good nature. Even before the school era, I was reduced to a wretched bondage by a somewhat elder brother, obliged to be hodman in all his architectural operations, compelled to give up the half of my gingerbread to him to purchase peace, and, in short, to use a comprehensive English phrase, was his fag. At school, I was always glad when I could oblige a boy by giving him a part of my bread and butter, or by helping him on with his exercises; yet, strange to say, this did not procure me any friendship or forbearance. The rascals, on the contrary, finding I had no power of resentment, tyrannised over me in every possible way. I was hustled and hustled about, buffed, cuffed, and disrespected, and all because I was good-natured. The same was my fate throughout all the earlier years of manhood. An insatiable love of approbation, an overpowering desire to serve and oblige all who seemed to require my services, characterised me. I was prone to believe every one, ready to befriend every one, anxious to reconcile every one; and many a poor hanger-on of the family, whom all the rest had got tired of, or found just reason to keep at a distance, maintained a hold on me, and was by me alone supported and cheered. Whoever had once got me into a personal interview, was sure of me. I could not—I had not it in me—to give pain to any one; and so mild and courteous was my tone, that even when applied to by an absolute mendicant, it would have puzzled a bystander sometimes to say whether he or I was the party in distress. The very beggar poets who came to me for half crowns, on the understanding that I was, like themselves, a dabbler in literature, would hold up their heads better than I. I felt in all these cases as if I were to blame in being better off than my fellow-creatures; and the relief which I extended was not so much designed for the good of the receiving party, as to justify the giver in enjoying what he retained. I had no discrimination: there lay my grand error. My charity as often gratified imposture as real want; my justice was sometimes most unjust to myself, or to those connected with me. What is curious, these propensities never forced me into a search for objects of benevolence. I rather avoided them—for I knew my weakness, and, like Hatteraick warning Glossin not to rouse him, would silently deprecate the coming temptation. Unfortunately, it was not necessary for me to go abroad for the means of exercising my good dispositions: the world, somehow or other, has done me *this* honour, that, though I never seek an acquaintance or pay a visit I can avoid, I have fully as many friends as I can make a good use of, and, in these my days of blindness, had always as many intruding petitioners as I could do any good to. Once let the petitioning or distressed party come in contact with me, I could no longer withhold my sympathy. Either I behaved to satisfy myself by the dispensation of a liberal alms, or I must instantly start off to spend my time and energies in advancing the interests of the applicant. In several instances, I am sure that I kept what I thought deserving people alive for

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months; in others, I got young men whom I thought possessed of abilities pushed into the situations and the ways of livelihood at which they aimed; in others (this was the largest class), I mediated to prevent the feelings of individuals from being offended by incidents and collisions which must have otherwise occurred. I had a horror of unkindness in thought, word, or deed; it annoyed me to hear scandal; and I preferred rather dullish conversation with plain and as I thought good-hearted people, to the most brilliant and dashy discourse of some professor of wit and raillery. I had a respect for every body but myself. What others did I always thought, or endeavoured to think, well of: what I did myself I never was so sure about, unless I heard some one praise it. This abject self-abasement was perhaps at the bottom of all my absurdities. My actions were directed to hardly any other end than that of conciliating men to think not so badly of me as I thought of myself, and, if possible, by their praise, to inspire me with a little more confidence in my own rights and merits. There might be a higher motive occasionally; but this was the main one, and I am now sensible that it leaves me without a just reason to complain of the ingratitude I have met with. A more discriminating kind of beneficence, springing from a more exalted source, would have been attended with different effects.

Such was my character for a considerable number of years. I had to look back upon a life, during which I had never experienced any thing above the most common-place favours from others—never looked for any thing of the kind—never thought of it; while I had been connected with innumerable persons who were perpetually petitioning me for something or other, and whose good opinions, worthless and unrequired as they were, I had been content to purchase at any price. My character might have been still the same, but for one peculiar event. I had often, as may well be believed, been put to pain by finding that my endeavours to do good were productive either of a greater evil to myself, or a less one to those I had befriended. I had often to feel the bitter pang which attends the display of ingratitude or rancour in one whom I had formerly esteemed and obliged. I had often—deepest mortification of all!—that of finding that my humane efforts to ward off mental anguish from those in whom I was interested, only exposed me to the charge of meddling, and ended in all parties, instead of only one, being offended. It had been pressed more than once upon my attention, that, in the most of cases where I had given money, I had only diminished my own resources to protract an inevitable misery in another; where I had smoothed the way for depressed but meritorious individuals, I had only prevented the good of one man, to make it come to another in no respect more deserving of it; and that, let me give favour after favour to any man for a series of years, the refusal of the last, or the least offence to his self-love or his interest at any period of our intercourse, would make him turn and rend me. Gratitude, I found, was little else, when expressed, than the indication of a hope of further favours: it never long survived the cessation of the favours, whether that cessation arose from my own inability to bestow, or from the other party no longer requiring. Men, I found, whose promotion was evidently owing in the first instance to me, were apt in no long time to consider their own merit as the principal, if not sole instrument; and though I or the world might think differently, that was nothing to them. If any one was my debtor in a more express way—namely, for pounds, shillings, and pence—and if I forbore for a long time to mention it. I found that I did not by

that means increase either the validity of the debt, or its amount. It might have been pressed at the proper time, and perhaps paid; but the delay, though solely springing from kindness of heart on my part, served only to introduce a question as to its justice, and, what I liked worse, a suspicion of the sincerity of my friendship. In fact, my debtors took it exceedingly ill to be reminded of any of these old obligations, and the common result was, that, in the words of the well-known rhyme, I lost both my money and friend. Again, though I reckoned closely with nobody, every body reckoned closely with me: even the man for whom I had raised large sums by the use of my name, or whom I had otherwise obliged in the most extraordinary way, would exact from me the last farthing of some trifling account, and perhaps complain that I was late in making payment. I once paid upon great urgency a claim of fifty shillings to a man for whom, as he failed next day, I became liable for as many pounds. What was worst of all, I found in many instances, that by doing or attempting to do some service to a person imminently needing it, I became responsible not only for it and for its effects, but for almost the whole of the subsequent fate of the party so assisted; who, in the event of any thing going wrong, though only through his own imprudence, or in pursuance of the usual strain of his unhappy lot, generally blamed me as loudly as if I had voluntarily interfered, or had had some personal interest in doing for him what I did, and been of course duly chargeable with the consequences.

It would be endless to relate all the hints I got as to the absurdity of my course. I saw my folly in a glimmering kind of way; but something more was required to produce a decided change of conduct. I was at length reclaimed by one small particular circumstance. A very near relative had always been treated by me in my characteristic manner. Not being a person of well-regulated mind, he had given me much annoyance throughout many years of intercourse; I had yielded, however, to every petulance, submitted to every reproof, however groundless, and even forgiven injuries in a quarter where the most of men are poignantly sensitive. In fact, this person, though advanced in life, took exactly that advantage of my good nature which my school-fellows had done. He unfortunately buffeted me just a little too much. I was angry, but, being totally unaccustomed to that passion, did not know how to express it. At length, it all at once flashed upon me that the individual in question never took the same liberties with another person who stood in exactly the same relation to him—a person, moreover, who had not been nearly so kind and friendly as I had been. I saw the thing at once. The very sternness and unkindness of that person had procured from the ignoble nature of my tormentor, a respect which nothing else was calculated to procure in such a quarter. My natural sense of justice was roused; pride came to my aid; and, when next subjected to the annoyance, I found myself in such a furor of indignation, as to express my sentiments in a manner very different from what was habitual to me. It is said that the anger of one not given to anger is the most terrible of all. Perhaps there was something in this; perhaps it was only the natural submission of a weak mind, to what it had formerly thought a weaker, but now found a stronger. But, whatever was the reason, the effect was decisive: the annoyance ceased, and for the first time I found what I might call true friendship in an individual, who had never *still now* had reason to be otherwise than friendly.

This incident completely revolutionised my views of human nature. I saw that with the most of minds

fear goes a far greater way than love, and that the one is in some measure necessary to secure and enforce the other. So effectually did the change work, that I got quite reclaimed in a single week. I saw that I had made myself the slave of mankind, and been treated as such, while others who aimed at being tyrants over their fellow-creatures, and had not the tenth of my pretensions to their esteem, were served on the bended knee. I resolved, therefore, since nothing but sternness would do, to be stern also. I ceased to take particular interest in any beyond my own circle, and thus, if I did no good, I was at least sure to do no harm. I would put myself out of my way for nobody but myself, and so was pretty certain to secure the comfort of at least one of the human race. The result has been a marked increase of respect from the world. To be an easy or good-natured man, I now see, only causes the generality to suspect your stability in life, while the very men you benefit are unable to respect that extreme facility by which they have profited. Perpetual suavity, I now find, is not the way to procure any weight for one's word. There must be a fortitude, and even a certain dash of rigour, in one's life and conversation, in order to obtain deference for his opinions. This has been shown in a very marked manner in my case, since I became converted from good nature. My sentiments on almost any subject are now received as of some importance. When I make as if I wished to speak, people make as if they wished to be silent; and I am heard to the very end of what I have to say. I begin to be looked upon as a person very likely to thrive in the world, and one or two mothers of marriageable daughters (the acutest class on earth) have spoken of me, to persons who they knew would tell me again, as a very promising young man. If I by any chance offer to do a service, it is received, not as a right, but as a favour. Whenever I appear in the domestic circle, every one is on the bustle to put me to rights, and serve, and amuse me; if I relent into kindness, it is *felt*, and I am called good, which I never was before. In short, mankind have become my friends and servants, the moment I ceased to be theirs; and I do believe, if I were to add a decided misanthropy to my character, I would soon be reckoned a second Lord Byron.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Tasso.

THE sixteenth century produced in Italy several other great poets besides Ariosto. The principal was Torquato Tasso, author of the noble romantic poem entitled "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" (*Jerusalem Delivered*), whose misfortunes, however, were fully as remarkable as his genius. Torquato was the son of another poet of no small eminence, named Bernardo Tasso, and was born, March 11, 1544, at Sorrento. He is said to have spoken words at the age of six months, and, at seven years, to have recited compositions of his own, both in prose and verse. In his seventeenth year, he received degrees in canon and civil law at the university of Padua, and, like all the other great bards of Italy, he was fully as much distinguished by his learning as by his poetical talents. His propensity to poetry being much encouraged by his father, he attained distinction in that branch of letters at a very early period of life. In 1564, when only eighteen, he published his poem of *Rinaldo*, which was in the manner of the *Odyssey*, and is expressively described as being, though evidently the work of a young man, yet of a young Tasso. In the preceding year, he had composed six cantos of his greater poem, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, which is universally allowed to be one of the finest productions of the human intellect. When about two-and-twenty years of age, Tasso was taken under the protection of Alphonso the Second, Duke of Ferrara, whose court was then the most magnificent and the most devoted to literature in Italy. Here the poet lived in the highest style at the immediate table of the prince, surrounded by all the brilliant and noble objects which could gladden the spirit of a man devoted to romantic poetry. For some years, his life was one of uninterrupted happiness. His leisure was spent with princes and nobles, who might be considered the most cultivated men of his time; his studious hours were devoted to a species of composition every way according with his taste, and which procured perpetual accessions of new fame. He was, moreover, solaced with the society, and even, it is said, the affection of a princess, the sister of his patron, and described as one of the most accomplished and enchanting women of her time. In the year 1570, he accompanied the Cardinal D'Este, brother of the Prince of Ferrara, to France, where he was received with distinguished honours at the court of Charles the Ninth, who delighted much in the society of literary men, and was in some degree a patron of learning. It is curious to reflect how soon after, a prince thus agreeably brought under our notice—the friend of letters, and capable of appreciating their humanising influence—above all things, the admirer of the noble and pure-minded Tasso—was involved in the atrocities

of the Bartholomew massacre! It is related that this modern Nero pardoned, at the entreaty of the Italian minstrel, a culprit of his own profession, to whom all mercy had formerly been refused.

In the year 1573, he brought out his celebrated pastoral drama, entitled "*Aminta*," and also completed his *Jerusalem Delivered*, which turned upon one of the most brilliant events of the history of the middle ages, the taking of the Holy City by Godfrey of Boulogne. Several years were afterwards spent in the task, then considered highly important, of correcting and improving his grand work. Copies of parts of it were distributed among his literary friends in various quarters, and he was indefatigable in touching it up according to their advice and directions. Unfortunately, while this process was going on, a part of the poem fell into the hands of a dishonest person, who published it without the author's consent, and in a state which could not but give him great chagrin. His mind was about the same time affected seriously by the rancorous hostility of several of his fellow courtiers, who, though they could not undermine him in the favour of the duke, rendered his life truly miserable. How far an ill-placed attachment entered into his griefs, it is impossible to say; but it is certain, that, in the year 1577, just as he was about to give to the world one of the most splendid effusions of the imagination that it had ever seen, he began to show symptoms of tottering reason; his sun being eclipsed, as it were, at the very height of noon.

His madness took the shape of a fretful and restless fear. He thought he was beset by a host of enemies, who were perpetually seeking to destroy his life and good name. In this state of weakness he made a journey to Bologna, to confess to the Inquisition that he had once been guilty of holding heretical opinions, and to subject himself to whatever punishment that court might think proper to award. He was acquitted; but, still unconvinced of his own innocence, he applied again, and it was not till a second review of his conduct, and a second absolution, that he was satisfied. In June 1577, having made an attempt upon the life of a servant, in the apartment of the Duchess of Urbino, he was put into confinement by his patron Alphonso, but soon after released, and apparently restored to favour and also to health.

The immediately ensuing part of Tasso's history is the subject of much controversy. He is said to have at length tired out Alphonso with his feverish complaints about supposed enemies, and to have been sternly forbidden by that prince to write to him any more. More alarmed than ever for his personal safety, the poet immediately fled on foot to Naples, and placed himself under the protection of his sister Cornelia, who was married there. Being assured of continued protection at Ferrara, he soon afterwards ventured back, but was disappointed in his hopes, probably in consequence of his own conduct, which was so full of fretfulness and reproach as to be highly disagreeable to the duke. He again fled in a state of alarm, and wandered for some months through the north of Italy. Arriving on one occasion at the gates of Turin, he was so tattered and forlorn in his appearance as to be refused entrance by the guard. The man, however, who was thus sunk so low in wretchedness, required only to mention that he was Tasso, in order to be conveyed to the palaces of nobles and princes, and clothed and fed as sumptuously as one of themselves. After a certain interval, finding he could be happy nowhere but in Ferrara, for which city he seems to have borne a sincere affection, he made such interest with the duke as to be permitted to return, on condition that he would submit himself to a course of medicine, and be careful of his conduct for the future. He returned in February 1579, was treated with less consideration than he expected, and at length, his feelings getting the better of his prudence, he broke out upon his former patron in a tide of satire and reproach, which sealed his fate at the court of Ferrara. In the course of the ensuing month, he was immured, by the directions of the duke, in the Hospital of St Anna, a receptacle for lunatics, where he was put under such a severe regimen as materially aggravated his mental distemper. How far the conduct of the duke was the result of personal resentment, and how far dictated by the humane spirit which every day causes the removal of deranged persons from society to solitude, it is impossible to say. If it was an experiment for the recovery of Tasso, it was an eminently unsuccessful one. For several days after finding himself in confinement, the unhappy poet continued in a state of perfect stupor. On recovering consciousness, his misery was only increased. He shrunk with horror from the squalor and solitude of his dungeon, and abandoned all his former hopes of poetical renown for a moping despair. "My mind," said he in a letter to a friend, "becomes slow of thought, my fancy indolent in imagining, my senses negligent in ministering to them images of things; my hand refuses to write, and my pen even to execute its office. I seem, indeed, to be frozen, and am oppressed by stupor and giddiness in all I attempt to do."

While Tasso was in this lamentable state, his poem of *Jerusalem Delivered* was published surreptitiously in several of the Italian states, so as to deprive him of all prospect of profit from what had been the labour of nearly twenty years. It immediately became famous over Europe, and was every where received with admiration. Strange that the mind which had produced this noble work, should now be lying in ruins

within the cell of a wretched hospital, cut off from all experience of those honours which were so profusely heaped upon his name. "We chill with terror," says Mr Stebbing, "as we hear him pathetically lament in one of his letters, that he was prevented from writing by the constant shrieks of the poor maniacs whose cells adjoined his own; that he was left to the mercy of the keeper and the creatures of the court, who attended to none of his wants though he was so sick and feeble; and that, while the publishers of his poem had gained three thousand ducats by its sale, they had none of them given him a single scudo."

The confinement of Tasso lasted above seven years, and his mind seems to have been completely weakened by so long a period of unalleviated misery. His disease originally was nothing but what would now be termed a nervous irritability, and what a soothing treatment might have been expected soon to remove. But he came out a perfect visionary, and, though still quite gentle and harmless, the finer powers of his intellect were gone, and nothing but a shell, as it were, left behind. He owed his release to the intercession of Don Cesare d'Este with the Duke of Ferrara, and to the Duke of Mantua, who became surety that his highness should suffer nothing from the poet's pen.

The few remaining years of his life were spent under the patronage of various individuals, with all of whom he seems to have quarrelled sooner or later; and he was accordingly reduced on several occasions to a condition little superior to that of a wandering mendicant. As formerly, however, he was never in so low a state, but what could be changed in an instant for the summit of honour and comfort by his simply mentioning who he was. On his arriving at any new place, and taking up his abode with any of the citizens, people were invited to come and see him as an object of wonder. While he passed along the streets, those who met him exclaimed, "See, that is Tasso!"—an exclamation that might well be prompted by the unusually tall and majestic figure of the poet, by his pale and thoughtful countenance, and the somewhat wild expression of his blue, lustrous eye. During this period, he composed his "*Gerusalemme Conquistata*," and a poem on creation, styled "*Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*;" but neither of these works has attained the celebrity of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*." After a life singularly chequered by good and evil fortune, he retired to die in the monastery of St Severino, near Naples, where he expired on the 25th of April 1595, aged only fifty-one years, but completely worn out with mental and bodily sufferings. His body was interred in the church of the monastery, under a plain slab, inscribed with the epitaph so famous for its majestic simplicity, "*Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*," "Here lies Torquato Tasso."

We shall conclude this memoir with an extract from the elegant and entertaining work to which we have already been so much indebted:—"Of the mind which produced them," says Mr Stebbing, in allusion to the works of Tasso, "it may be said that it was endowed with those higher powers which give sublimity to thought, while it was subject to all those milder influences of the feelings which keep it constantly within the verge of what is human, or of human interest. In the *Gerusalemme*, we trace that harmony of design which is the result only of pure intellect, disembarassing itself of whatever hinders its orderly operation. In the *Gerusalemme*, we perceive the influence of that noble moral feeling which constitutes the distinction between the poetry of times and seasons, and that which lives, and of which the power and majesty are felt, through all ages; and in the *Gerusalemme*, we see those various representations of human character, and those bold inventions which, together with the before-mentioned qualities, raise the epic poem above every other species of composition, appealing as it does to the sublimest attributes of our nature, and furnishing the mind with new food for the elevated emotions to which the verse of the poet gives birth."

THE BASTILLE,

A PARISIAN TALE.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian; "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me, and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power. It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastille," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, as you conceive," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know

* It is necessary to mention, that the idea and several of the expressions of this article are to be found in a paper which appeared some time ago in the periodical work entitled the *Athenaeum*.

less than you do; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian; "he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted, as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?" Julian was silent.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again," indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the count. He is not fitted to be admitted into an honest man's family. He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris." "Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it! What then should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he. "Very well." "You quit it to-night!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he; but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix—"I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

"Stay," said his master. "You have lived with me eight years. You have been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous subject. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and would give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket. "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse; take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop, than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence. "It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honourable man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married, and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected within him symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which, from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he

dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—"Twas a miniature!—a step or two nearer—"Twas his own! He could not suppress his emotions; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much disposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and, sooner or later, will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother." "Did she send you for me?" "No."

"Why did you come, then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and then a noise. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor; Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix; but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix; "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passed the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him; "a lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger whom for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked M. le Croix.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees.—The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!" "Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris!" ejaculated le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian. "What!" exclaimed Le Croix. Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn. "Your authority?"

"A lettre-de-cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene. That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again—"did he not hear something? No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he heard above him, or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastille beset? It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix. "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitement. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges.—The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked—"Tis DOWN!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!"

FISHING VILLAGES.—BUCKHAVEN.

THE fishing villages scattered along our coast, add not a little to the yearly creation of property in the country, and have always been reckoned as affording in the aggregate a most important source of national wealth. In their individual character, however, they are viewed very differently; few have the curiosity to make inquiries into the condition of our fishermen, however much they may prize the value of our fisheries; and a most useful class of men are passed by with a sneer of neglect, which they very little merit. A short notice concerning some of these interesting and industrious people, may correct certain erroneous ideas which have been taken up hastily concerning them as a body, besides attracting attention to those in remote stations, to whom improvement and moral culture has not yet penetrated.

Buckhaven, on the coast of Fife, is one of the most remarkable of our fishing towns: till of late years it was occupied exclusively by fishermen; but, from the facilities afforded by the proprietor for building, there has lately been added to it on the west a kind of suburb, which is tenanted by working people of all trades.

* From the "Magdalen and other Tales," by James Sheridan Knowles. London, Moxon, New Broad Street. 1832.

These, however, have no place in the fishing town itself, which consists of buildings, situated one above another, on the face of a rocky eminence, dipping into the sea. The lower and front houses are built on the edge of the rocks, a very little above high water mark, sometimes in little rows, with a footpath and parapet wall in front, but as often standing ranged with their gables to the sea. The whole, both those on the water's edge and those which overlook them on the ascent above, are closely crowded together, and set down without any kind of order; so that there is no where such a thing as a thoroughfare from one part of the village to another, except by scrambling through narrow dirty lanes, and up stairs as dark and steep as any recollected by the oldest caddie in Edinburgh. This inconvenience has arisen from the scantiness of the ground originally allotted to the people, who were necessitated on that account to occupy every site on which a house could stand. The appearance of the old-fashioned village, on the front of its sloping headland, has a romantic effect from the water, which adds not a little to the interest of a steam-boat voyage along the coast of Fife.

The inhabitants of the village are remarkable for their industrious and steady habits; a sufficient proof of which is afforded by the capital which they have accumulated for the purposes of their business, and which, as far as we can learn, is entirely their own. There are about one hundred and fifty-six fishermen, heads or representatives of families, who are owners of the whole property of the village: the value of that part of it which is employed as capital in the fishing, is not less than £16,000 or £17,000, giving more than £100, on this head merely, for the share of each family. Some have less, and some a great deal more than this amount; but none are without some share; neither is there any one who has not a number of shares, or a number of boats, to be let out to others who have none. Their interest in the fishing apparatus is of course independent of what may be called their unproductive capital—in clothes, furniture, specie, houses, &c. In the article of furniture, they are at considerable expense, not considering their dwellings even decently furnished (*neighbour-like*), without a neat oaken table, and chairs, good beds, chests of drawers, an eight-day clock, and a large well-bound quarto bible. These are to be found in every house, even those which seem most unpromising on the exterior.

The fishermen have different occupations according to the season of the year. About the middle of July, the stoutest and most active of their number depart for the herring fishing on the north coast. Buckhaven sends yearly sixty-two boats to this harvest, each of them about fourteen tons, and requiring from £180 to £200 to fit them for sea—in masts, cordage, sails, anchors, and nets, in which last item consists nearly half the outlay. They have each five men, who are all generally partners in the adventure. Each boat is under an engagement to some merchant, to furnish a certain number of crans or barrels of herrings (about two hundred and fifty), for which they received last year 10s. per cran. The proceeds are divided into shares; one-fifth part being allotted for upholding the boat and stores, while the rest is divided in equal portions among the men. Sometimes, however, landmen are engaged, merely on wages, by the owners of the boat. The fishermen are generally absent on the North Sea fishing about six weeks or two months, departing about the middle of July, and being generally home in the early part of September. They take hammocks and bedding with them, which, together with the clothes necessary for their exposed occupation, render the outfit of the men very expensive.

While the younger fishermen are absent in the north, the old men and boys do the best they can to supply the markets with haddocks, cod, flounders, &c. from the line-fishing at home. They are not able to venture out to sea to the best fishing ground; but the small quantity caught is generally compensated by the high prices they fetch in the absence of a fuller supply. The Buckhaven fish are at this season carried off every morning by certain fishmongers of female appearance, from Leith, who come the day before, in order to make sure of a purchase; and the bustle, grotesque dresses, and odd terms, of their hurried market, amid the rocks and fishing-boats of the little haven, present a most amusing spectacle to strangers.

When the able fishermen return in September, they betake themselves immediately to the line-fishing off the Dogger Bank and the Red Head, which may be considered as forming the staple industry of the village. The boats set sail in the afternoon, and have a distance of at least fifty miles to make before casting their lines; they remain at sea generally two nights, and till the afternoon of the third day; and on their return they proceed immediately to Leith to dispose of their cargoes. Two trips of this kind are made in the week; while the intervals are busily employed in necessary preparations and repairs for again going to sea. All hands are set to work to clear the lines of the sea-weed and old bait, repair the damage done by dog-fish, supply new hooks, &c. The men have also to inspect their boats, look after the tear and wear of sails and cordage; and, lastly, the lines are all to be baited anew. This is an operation which requires a greater number of different processes than the making of a pin—none of which we can describe at present; dexterity in performing them, however, is one of the highest accomplishments of a fisherman's trade.

This work is all done in the open air before the doors of their houses, and generally occupies the whole family; those whose aid is not required are employed in *braiding* (weaving) nets, which they do for one another, according as there are spare hands, at sixpence per yard. No creature above twelve years of age is left unemployed in the family of a fisherman.

From November till the middle of February is the time of the winter-herring fishing, and is a peculiarly busy season, as the cod-fishing is attended to at the same time. A different set of boats and nets are necessary here from those employed in the North Sea. From February till July, the men are again employed in the line or deep-sea fishing, for the supply of the daily markets.

It would be difficult to estimate the average yearly returns of the fishing, from the shifting of prices, and the variable quantities of fish caught in successive years. But, last season at Wick, each boat furnished 250 crans of herrings, at 10s. per cran, which gives an amount of £7,750 for the whole sixty-two boats.

The winter herring-fishing in the Frith of Forth is reckoned to produce about three-fourths of that of the North Sea in August, and may therefore be estimated at £5800.

The produce of the six months devoted to the line-fishing may be guessed at from the following considerations:—The weekly take of fish, according to the best average which some of the old fishermen could form, is about 60,000; and these are sold according to their quality and the state of the markets in Leith, at prices varying from 3s. 6d. to 12s. per hundred. The average is reckoned about 7s. per hundred, so that the weekly produce may be estimated at £210; and that for the whole six months, at £5460; a tenth part may be added for the fish caught by the older fishermen, which will give the whole amount of the line-fishing about £6006.

The whole proceeds of the fishermen's labour may therefore be estimated at £19,550 annually.

Their expenses during the same period consist in upholding boats, nets, and fishing-lines, and in the purchase of bait, hooks, and other requisite articles. Their own calculation is, that a fifth part of the gross proceeds is absorbed by the expenses of the boats and boats' stores, such as sails, cordage, anchors, spars, &c.; and in their trips to the North Sea, that proportion is always set apart for this purpose. The upholding of their nets is a very expensive matter; each boat, on going to the herring fishing, requires to have twenty of these, at a cost of £4, or £4, 10s., each, and lasting perhaps four or five years only. When in use, it is necessary to boil them regularly every few weeks in a ley of oak bark (called *wis* or *wash*), by which process they are found to dry more readily after being immersed in the salt water, and are prevented from becoming soft and flaxy.* The bark wanted for this purpose costs the village about £500 yearly.

This industrious community are put to great inconvenience and loss from the want of some pier or landing place near their village. At present they have not the smallest shelter for their boats, except an open roadstead, and are therefore obliged to leave much valuable property exposed to all the chances of the seas and winds.

The inhabitants of Buckhaven have some peculiarities which have been much spoken of.† The most singular is, that, among one hundred and sixty families in the fishing village, there are only about a dozen surnames. There are seventy-one families of Thomsons (or more properly *Tamsens*); nineteen of Deases; fifteen of Logies; of Robertsons and Walkers, nine each; six of Bonthrons; of Taylors, Essons, and Wananders, four each; besides one or two Murrays and Johnstons. Among so many individuals of one name as must exist in a community so sparing in appellatives, it would be impossible, without some additional aid, to distinguish one from another; and, accordingly, most of the inhabitants have what are called *slog-names*, or *styles* by which they are designated. These are never looked on as matter of offence, though some of them are sufficiently whimsical. One person is called *Fancy*; another, *Black Harry*; one is *Caledonian*, one *Rose*, one *Laird*, and so forth; and these styles are used on post letters, and even in law-papers—as "Henry Thomson, commonly called *Black Harry*."

It does not appear that the occupations of fishing are very favourable to long life. Hardly any individuals are found in the village above the age of eighty; and when it is considered, that, while out at sea, they are during one part of the time kept in continued exertion and perspiration, while during the other they must remain in a state of inaction (waiting for the filling of their lines), and exposed to the weather in an open boat, it cannot be wondered that their labour is exhausting.

* This is a process of long-tried efficacy among fishermen, but of which chemistry affords as yet no explanation. The effect of the *tannin*, procured from bark, in converting hides into leather, is well understood; but how the same substance operates to make the twisted fibres of hemp dry sooner after being dipped in salt water, remains quite unknown. We can only suppose (which chemists may easily ascertain by experiment) that *tannin* refuses to combine with the salt, which would, if absorbed, prevent the meshes from drying.

† This village has obtained a kind of absurd notoriety from a penny pamphlet, usually sold along with the *History of George Buchanan*. The latter represents the venerable translator of the Psalms, and historian of Scotland, as a merry rogue and buffoon at the court of King James; and its companion vendes other stories of the same authenticity concerning Buckhaven.

The inhabitants of fishing villages are often considered as reckless and improvident. Those of Buckhaven merit a very different character: a more industrious and economical community does not exist. They are all neatly and comfortably clad in their own fashion, have well furnished houses, and none of them can be thrown into a state of destitution by the result of an unsuccessful season, as is too often the case elsewhere. The readiness and courtesy of their answers to strangers inquiring rationally concerning the affairs of their village, is as remarkable as the contempt they evince towards those who think that their purse or their dress entitles them to quiz a fisherman's jacket.

There is a subscription school belonging to the village, with about 120 scholars, who generally remain at school till about twelve years of age. Much care is exerted in selecting a diligent teacher, and the children are orderly, well dressed, and attentive. A second school has about 80 scholars; the whole number of inhabitants in the village and dependencies is about 1600. There is a dissenting chapel, supported, of course, by the people; and a small but properly selected library has been formed by subscribers of the congregation, not including, however, many of the fishers. There are few newspapers, or other periodical publications, read among the fishermen; and they hardly indeed purchase books of any description except the Bible—their laborious avocations leaving but small leisure for reading. On Sunday morning the village presents an agreeable picture of stillness; the old people are stepping early and slowly to church; no bustle, no noise any where; the dash of the ebbing and flowing tide, which at other times is the accompaniment of hurry and preparation among the fishermen, now sounds idly on the rocks; and the boats and pinnaces lie unattended, even by the children, who use to hold their play about them on work days.

The original inhabitants of Buckhaven are supposed to have been one or two Norwegian families who settled there at an early period. This tradition is supported by the testimony of Mr R. Bonthron, one of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, who recollects, that, in his youth, the older fishermen used to call the *yard* (on the mast) the *ray*, and employed the term *labord* for *larboard*. These words correspond with the Danish and Norwegian *raa*, *yard*; and *bagbord*, *larboard*. The words *raa* and *bagbord* are also German, it is true; but when the correspondence of terms is taken along with the traditions of the place, there seems little doubt that the colony was originally Norwegian.

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA.

In advancing westwards from those states of the Union which border on the Atlantic, and which have been described as little else than the portico to this great confederated republic, and after crossing the ridges of the Alleghany mountains, the first territory that presents itself to the choice of the settler in the extensive vale of the Mississippi, is what is called West Pennsylvania, which is a distinct portion of the Atlantic state of Pennsylvania, and contains many spots worthy of the notice of emigrants. The highest peaks of the Alleghanies are elevated from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of their bases. This region, in its mountains, vallies, and cascades, presents all varieties of the grand, rugged, sheltered, and romantic in scenery. Iron in vast quantities, lead, and a variety of coal, marble, freestone, and all the useful earths for building and the arts, abound in this state, so variegated in surface, and of geological formations differing widely in character. All parts of the western country seem admirably accommodated the one to the other; the one part supplying what the other wants. Those who intend to live by farming, should not locate on or about the Alleghanies, but pursue their way to a more genial district.

West from the mountains, the land is composed of hill, dale, and plain, and the soil of the vallies is almost invariably fertile. A portion of this region inclines towards Lake Erie on the north; and here the ground is level, and adapted for agricultural purposes. West Pennsylvania, which is watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, contains considerably more than 200,000 inhabitants, who are generally a hardy, robust, and industrious race. The chief town in this district of country is Pittsburg, to which, as we have elsewhere mentioned, nearly all immigrants who proceed this way direct themselves as to a centre point. Pittsburg, which is the greatest of the manufacturing towns in western America, is situated upon a point of land formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, the former flowing from the north-east, and the latter from the south-west. The waters thus joined form the Ohio river. A more charming spot for the site of a city could scarcely be selected. No place is surrounded by more

charmingly rounded and romantic hills. The boundless view of hill and dale—the conjunction of two fine rivers—the broad and beautiful Ohio, calmly commencing its course of 1000 miles, and winding away among its deep forests and shores, shaded by noble sycamores—the town—its surrounding valleys—and, indeed, the whole scene taken together, as seen from the adjoining hills, constitutes as fine a landscape as can well be imagined. Over the Alleghany river is a high and beautiful plain, bounded in the distance by rugged hills. The coal-hill across the Monongahela rises more than three hundred feet. On this side is a manufacturing village, called Birmingham; and on the Alleghany side another town, called Manchester.

The town of Pittsburg is compactly, and in some streets, handsomely built, although the use of pit coal for culinary and manufacturing purposes has carried such quantities of fine black matter, driven off in the smoke into the air, and deposited it on the walls of the houses, and every thing that can be blackened with coal-smoke, as to have given the place a gloomy aspect. Its excellent position, and other advantages, as a manufacturing and trading town, and its acknowledged healthfulness, will continue, however, to render it a place of attraction for builders, manufacturers, and capitalists. At present the following articles are manufactured on a great scale in this thriving city:—Ironmongery of every description; steam-engines, and machinery, and ironwork in general; cutlery of all descriptions; glass and paper; cotton and woollens; pottery; chemicals; tin and copper ware; and which are all exported to a great extent. There are steam flour-mills, carding and spinning-mills, iron-mills, distilleries, breweries, brick-yards, air-furnaces, lead-factories, naileries, gun-smithies, tobacco-factories, tanneries, with establishments of all the ordinary trades.

Ship and steam-boat building has been pursued here on a greater scale than in any other town in the western country, although the town is situated about 2000 miles from the sea. So long ago as 1814, upwards of four thousand waggons, of four and six horses, employed as transport carriages, passed between this place and Philadelphia. Boats of the smaller kinds are continually departing down the river, for places on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and other large rivers communicating with the Ohio, and for New Orleans, near the sea-coast; and there also depart from Pittsburg, although a remote inland town, merchant vessels, loaded with goods for ports in different parts of Europe. Respecting the shipping business of this place, Mr Clay made the following relation, in one of his speeches a few years ago in Congress, and which, though noticed in most books of travels in the western states, may here be noticed once more:—"To illustrate (said he) the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built and cleared out at Pittsburg for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the customhouse officer, who would not credit them, and said to the master, 'Sir, your papers are forged! there is no such place as Pittsburg in the world! Your vessel must be confiscated!' The trembling captain laid before the officer a map of the United States—directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him 1000 miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another 1000 to Pittsburg. 'There, sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out.' The astonished officer, before he saw the map, would as soon have believed that this ship had been navigated from the moon."

A large amount of commission business is also transacted at Pittsburg. Great contracts are continually ordered from all the towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, for machinery, steam-boat castings, and the various manufactures that this city supplies. The inexhaustible mines of excellent pit-coal, in all directions in the coal-hills about the town, furnish great facilities for keeping in operation the great number of steam-manufactories. The coal costs little more than the simple expense of digging, and there is no fear that the supply will either fail or become difficult to procure. The possession of coal here is of immense consequence to the prosperity of the United States. The coal in the British possessions being the property of the crown, and therefore liable to troublesome embargoes—as, for instance, the coal-mines of Nova Scotia, which, we understand, have been given to the late Duke of York's creditors for a long series of years, to help to pay his royal highness's debts—the states cannot be supplied from thence on sufficiently advantageous terms for all purposes. The present amount of the value of manufactures in Pittsburg is supposed to be 2,500,000 dollars annually. The market is rich and abundant, but much higher than in the towns lower down the Ohio. We presume it would be a proper place for the reception and furnishing of employment to industrious artisans in those branches of manufacture above mentioned; and failing an engagement here, the emigrant might easily proceed down the Ohio to Cincinnati, another manufacturing town of considerable importance. The excellence of Pittsburg as a place of settlement for artisans, is noticed by our invaluable authority, Timothy Flint. Speaking of the inhabitants, he says, "they are a mixture of all nations; Germans and Irish predominate; but there are great numbers of English, Scotch, French, and Swiss. Mechanics and artisans who come here bring their me-

chanical skill and industry to a better market than they could find in the Old World." The habits of the people of the place are those of persevering industry, calculating carefulness, distrust of strangers, and a fixed purpose to look to their individual interests. They are of all the different denominations of religion, and as moral as could be expected of a people so situated. Luxury, splendour, and display, are not much in fashion here; and the habits of all the people are frugal and economical. This city has immense advantages of artificial as well as natural water communications. The great Pennsylvania canal, above 500 miles in length, terminates here; another canal is laid out to connect it with Lake Erie through Meadville; and still a third is proposed to the mouth of Mahoning, where it will connect with a branch of the Ohio and Erie canal from its summit head. Pittsburg is the seat of justice for the county of Alleghany, and is situated at the 40th degree of north latitude, at the distance of 300 miles north-west from Philadelphia.

As the information in this article is chiefly directed to artisans or others of the working classes who design to seek employment in the manufacturing towns of America, we beg to subjoin the recommendation to them of taking care to bring with them certificates of character, which they will not do well without, as may be learned by the following circumstance, narrated by Mr Stuart in his Travels in the United States:—

"I had not been long (says he) at Mr Anderson's [a farmer in Long Island, near New York], when I was applied to by a good-looking young man, from the west of Fifehire, in Scotland, whose name was John Boswell, to give him, or procure for him, a letter of recommendation to a ship-builder in New York. I had never seen him before, so far as I knew; but I had been acquainted with his father, a very respectable person in his line, a farm overseer to the late Mr Mutter of Annfield, near Dunfermline. Boswell's story was this:—He had been bred a ship-carver, had married, and was the father of two children. Finding his wages, of about 2s. or 2s. 6d. per day, insufficient for the maintenance of his family, he commenced being toll-keeper, but did not succeed in his new profession. He had, therefore, brought his wife and children to New York, being possessed only of a small sum of money, and of some furniture, a fowling-piece, &c. He had made application immediately on his arrival at New York, some weeks previously, for employment, but no one would receive him into his ship-building yard, in which there is much valuable property, without attestations of his character. He accidentally heard of my being in the neighbourhood, and applied to me to give him such attestations. Knowing previously nothing of this young man but what I have mentioned, it was impossible for me to comply with his request, but I gave him a letter to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of New York, who might, I thought, be of use to him, stating exactly what I knew of him. Workmen in the ship-building line were at this period plentiful, and months followed before any opening occurred for employing Boswell. In the meantime, his finances were exhausted, and he had been obliged to part with some of the property he had brought with him. He was beginning to wish himself well home again, when an offer of work was made to him. I happened to be in New York on the very day when this occurred, and remember well the pleasure which beamed in his eyes when he told me of the offer, and asked me what wages he should propose. My advice to him was to leave that matter to his master, after he had been at work for a week, and showed what he could do. The next time I saw Boswell, he was in the receipt of two dollars (about 9s. sterling) a-day, for ten hours' work, and of as much more at the same rate per hour, if he chose to be longer employed. His gains—for he told me that he could live at one-half of the expense which it cost him in Scotland, although his family here had animal food three times a day—soon enabled him to have a comfortable well-furnished house, where I again and again saw his family quite happy, and in which he had boarders. I sent for him to Hoboken, where I was then living, two or three days before I left New York, in the month of April 1831, that I might learn if I could be the bearer of any communication to his friends in Scotland. He came over to me with a better suit of clothes on his back, and a better umbrella, than, I believe, I myself possessed. He only wished, he said, his friends to know how well settled he now was. He had earned, on the preceding day, almost as much as he could earn at the same business in Scotland in a week; and he hoped in less than twenty years, to make a fortune, and return to Scotland. I have mentioned the whole of the particulars of this case (continues Stuart), because it contains information useful to many. Certificates of good character are very requisite for all emigrants to the United States, but especially for mechanics and labourers; and they should either be procured from magistrates or from clergymen, no matter to what sect they belong. I need not add, that it is most important to obtain recommendations, where they can be got, to some respectable individual at the port where the emigrants first of all arrive." This judicious advice of Mr Stuart is worthy of the utmost attention from emigrants to America, especially when we reflect upon the number of disorderly characters, fraudulent bankrupts, and other fugitives from Great Britain, who flee thither to escape the arm

of the law, and with the view of burying their ignominy in the widely-scattered clusters of population of this vast trans-Atlantic republic.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS:

THEIR SCENT, USES, AND MEDICINAL PROPERTIES. THE odour of flowers is known to affect different people in a variety of different ways, a single plant producing a fainting sensation in one individual, that would be valued by another as possessing a refreshing and reviving influence. The scent of certain flowers, that produce headaches in some, will be totally innoxious to others; and one man may be charmed with the smell of a flower, which another would deem offensive. Flowers also may be placed in quantities in a room without injury to the waking inmates, but they are generally supposed highly insalubrious to those who may inhale their odours while asleep. Flowers, with some few exceptions (the rose and violet, for example), exhale their perfume only while the plant is living; that which proceeds from the bark and other parts of the plant continues to be emitted after death. Some flowers emit their odours only at certain periods. Those having an ambrosial smell, exhale only after sunset, and the appearance of some plants corresponds with the nature of their scent. Musky-scented flowers, for instance, are always of a yellowish and purple colour, and a dull appearance is indicative, it is said, of the deleterious nature of their perfume.

Again, the scent of some plants is not perceptible until after they are cut down, and exposed to the influence of either the sun or artificial heat. Grass, while growing, possesses no particular smell, but, when made into hay, it scents the country around; this may probably proceed from no particular plant, but a commixture of the various herbage of the crops. The wood of the ash-tree, when burned in a green state, will emit a fragrance like that which proceeds from the violet and mezerion, and this it will diffuse to a very considerable distance. The glands of the fraxinella, from which it exhales its scent, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, and the vapour is so combustible, that it will burn when a light is placed within its influence. The garden nightshade has the property of causing sleep to overpower those who may inhale its odour; and all have heard of the upas-tree, which (though we may not give credit to the exaggerated accounts of its deadly power) possesses, without doubt, an uncommonly deleterious quality of vapour. The odour of plants and flowers, which seems thus to infiltrate the property of creating such a diversity of feelings in the human frame, is considered by naturalists to be an excretory secretion, forming a gas or vapour, which in some is supposed to proceed from the petals transmitted from the plant by the claws at its base, and, escaping through orifices on their surface, at others from the nectaries, or various parts which compose their blossoms. Although the effect produced by this gas or vapour is sufficiently visible, yet, as far as regards a knowledge of its nature, we remain totally uninformed. All we can conjecture is, that it must be a body composed of solid particles, each body possessing a power of affecting the senses of animals, in a manner peculiar to itself. The object which nature had in view in bestowing this property on flowers and plants, is also hidden from our ken; but it is not improbable that it may be for the purpose of informing the multifarious tribes of the earth where the supply of necessities fitted for their sustenance may be found. Different plants have various and opposite qualities: some possessing the most nutritious ingredients, others containing the most deadly poisons; and while some have the power of tainting the air to a certain extent with their deleterious odours, all have a tendency to purify it of certain particles which are injurious to animal existence. Animals, by the use of vegetables for food, consume a large quantity of carbon, or charcoal, a part of which is only necessary for the well-being of the individual; and the superfluous part is therefore exhaled by the breath, which consequently contaminates the surrounding atmosphere. A man, it is calculated, exhales in breathing no less than 11 oz. of charcoal every day. The vegetable world, on the contrary, far from being injured by an over quantity of carbon, is ever requiring an augmentation of its stores; and plants therefore absorb from the air, when it comes in contact with the sap at the apertures or stomas situated on the surface of their leaves, that part which would otherwise be so detrimental to animal life. Mr Senneber covered a plant, which was growing in a pot of earth, with a glass bell full of water, and in the course of a few hours found a quantity of air in the bell. He repeated the experiment with water which had been boiled, in order to deprive it of its air; and in this instance no air was produced in the bell. At length Mr Senneber, in the prosecution of his experiments, discovered the cause of this phenomenon.

Water in its natural state contains a quantity of carbonic acid, which is a composition of oxygen and carbon. The plant had therefore absorbed the carbonic acid; and, with the action of the sun's rays on

its leaves, had decomposed the acid, had retained the carbon, but had exhaled the oxygen by the stomas.

The quantity of carbon thus acquired by plants has been ascertained by the following ingenious experiment, made by M. de Saussure. He transplanted fourteen periwinkles into vases: he watered seven of them with distilled water, and the other seven with water in its natural state. After some days, he found that the former had acquired no additional carbon; but the latter had accumulated so much, that their wood was one-sixth heavier than the former.

Carbon being the principal ingredient of plants, their growth, and consequent welfare, depend on a constant supply of it; and in order to render it fit for assimilation, or, in other words, to prepare it for forming a nutritive substance for the food of the plant, it is necessary that it should previously be combined with oxygen. This chemical process can only be performed by the aid of the solar light; plants therefore, during the night, inhale oxygen in order to combine it with the carbon which is contained in the animal and vegetable matter, which the sap also holds in solution; and on the return of day, the carbonic acid thus formed is decomposed by the solar influence, and the oxygen restored to the atmosphere, together with that portion which has been absorbed from the soil by the roots. This is what renders flowers placed in a sleeping room injurious to the inmate, by the great absorption of the air.

Various plants possess in themselves a property of nutriment, and at the same time a poison. In such cases, however, the poisonous portion is never found in the food of the plant. In the pulp of the peach, for example, there is no sign of the prussic acid which scents its flowers and taints its kernel; and if the embryo of the yewberry was removed, its pulp, it is supposed, would be harmless. Amongst roots such is also the case. Potatoes, it is known, contain a poison which it secretes in its skin, or immediately beneath it; and the rind of the common turnip, which, though probably not poisonous, is acrid and pungent in a greater degree than the bulb itself.

The poisonous juice of the nettle, which is known to raise in blisters the skin of whoever may touch it, is contained in the hair which is observed on its leaves, while the other parts of the plant are altogether harmless. All stinging plants effuse this juice, by means of very minute glands, situated either at the points of these hairs or at their base, which hairs may be compared to those that grow on the orifices of the pores of the human skin. When the gland is situated on the point of the hair, the liquid which it contains is of an innocent nature; but when situated at its base, it is acrid, caustic, and poisonous. The sting is inflicted by the hair, which, piercing the skin, pours the poison into the wound, and causes the effects already described.

Nettles when softened by moisture are quite harmless, because the hair by that means losing its elasticity, cannot make the incision necessary for the introduction of the poison, and therefore no sting is felt. Stinging plants may also be handled with impunity after death, if dried; for although in this case the instrument may be capable of stinging, yet the juice is no longer fluid, and therefore cannot flow into the wound.

The cassava of central America, of which the Indians make their cassava bread, not only belongs to a very poisonous class of plants, but is, when raw, a deadly poison. The perennial mercury, or "dog's cabbage," so called from dogs preferring it to other plants when they want to physic themselves with vegetable substances, may be eaten when well boiled, though it will still retain an aperient quality; but when raw, or even when roasted or fried, it is a powerful poison. The fruit of the fig and mulberry is eatable, but the juice of both is poisonous, particularly that of the fig. The juice of the poppy, which maintains so high a rank in the estimation of medical practitioners, produces a most potent poison; yet the salutary purposes to which it is applied by a different mode of preparation, are too well known to be here described. This juice is obtained from the unripe seed of the white poppy, and in Asia Minor whole fields are sown with the seeds of this plant. When the heads are nearly ripe, they are wounded on one side with a pointed instrument, and a white liquor is distilled from the wound, which the heat of the sun hardens on the plant. This is gathered next day, when fresh wounds are made on the opposite side of the seed-vessel; but what comes from the first incision is greatly superior to that which flows from the second. This is opium, which, after being gathered in the manner described, is moistened with a small quantity of water, or honey, until it becomes of the consistency of pitch, when it is formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Tincture of opium, which is made by distilling it in spirits of wine, is called laudanum. The foxglove, which is so common in Scotland and England, is very useful for medicinal purposes, yet is very poisonous. The honey-flower, a Cape plant, produces more honey than any other plant; so much so, that a tea-spoonful may be collected every morning from each of its numerous flowers; but the strong and disagreeable smell of the plant indicates a poisonous quality. There is another plant, the "crown imperial," which produces nearly as much honey, but the plant is so poisonous that the bees will not use it.

The general usefulness of plants is so well known, that it would be altogether superfluous to enter into

any very lengthy observations on the subject; yet the mention of a few of those which do not often come under general observation, may not be found uninteresting. The clothier's teazle, now so much cultivated in the west of England, affords a solitary instance of a natural production being applied to mechanical purposes, in the state in which it is produced. Many attempts have been made to supersede the teazle, by contrivances designed for the same use, but all in vain; every fresh invention has been abandoned as defective or injurious, and the teazle, it is allowed by all, can only do the work. The heads of the teazle are composed of incorporated flowers, each separated by a long, rigid, chaffy substance, the terminating point of which is furnished with a fine hook: this is fastened round the edge of a large broad wheel, which is kept turning, while the cloth is held against these heads, by which means the ends of the wool are drawn out from the manufactured cloth, so as to bring a regular nap on the surface, free from knottings and twistings, the loose parts combed off, and the piece is finished when the cloth ceases to yield any resistance to the free passage of the wheel. The dressing of a piece of cloth requires from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these heads to accomplish the work properly.

An infusion of sage leaves is sometimes used as tea; and the Chinese are surprised that Europeans should come to them for tea, when they have plenty of sage, which the Chinese think far superior. The Dutch have long been in the habit of collecting, not only in Holland, but in the south of France, large quantities of sage leaves, which they dry like tea, and pack in cases for exportation to China, where, for every pound of sage, they receive four pounds of tea. Rubia tinctorum, or "dyer's madder," common in the west of England, affords a very beautiful scarlet dye, which is extracted from the root, and which imparts a corresponding colour to the milk, and even to the bones of the animals which feed upon it.

From the opening and shutting of several flowers, as well as leaves, we may judge of the state of the atmosphere. If the Siberian snow-thistle shuts at night, the following day may be expected to be fine; if it remains open, it is indicative of rain. If the African marygold continues shut in the morning long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching. The convolvulus, bind-weed, and scarlet pimpernel, even after they have opened, will shut themselves up again, on the approach of rain. From this circumstance, the pimpernel has obtained the name of the "poor man's weather-glass." In former times, when it was believed that the cure of almost every disease might be effected by the application of preparations from herbs and flowers, the plants were quaintly denominated after the disease they were supposed capable of curing; such as, all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-weed, &c. &c. Our forefathers had also plants which were thought equally serviceable in healing mental disorders, and were accordingly called heart-ease, loose-strife, true-love, &c. &c. and they carried their observance of plants so far as to suppose that the flower of the large white lily indicated the price of wheat by the bushel, for the ensuing year, every blossom being equivalent to a shilling.

TRAVELLING ON THE GANGES.

[In the publication entitled the Asiatic Journal, among much matter of inferior interest to Europeans there is usually to be found a variety of instructive and entertaining articles, descriptive of East Indian manners, customs, and scenery, which are calculated to afford pleasure in the perusal. One of these, which has just met our eye, is an account of the mode of travelling on the river Ganges—a process, we presume, little known to our readers, and with which we now take the liberty of making them acquainted.]

There is scarcely any season of the year in which Anglo-Indians do not avail themselves of the grand water-privilege, as our American friends would term it, offered by the Ganges; but at the dangerous period—that of the rains—when the river is full, and its mighty current comes rushing down with the most fearful velocity, its voyagers are multiplied, partly in consequence of the difficulty of traversing the country by land, and partly on account of the hope that may be entertained of a quick passage; the navigation being more speedy than when the river is low, and its waters comparatively sluggish. In proceeding up the Ganges, at the commencement of the rains, the general steadiness of the wind, usually blowing from a favourable point, enables the ascending vessels to stem the current by means of their sails; but should the breeze fail, which is frequently the case, or prove adverse—a not unlikely contingency—the boatmen are compelled to undergo the tedious process of tracking, in some instances not being able to drag the vessel beyond a couple of miles in the course of a long and fatiguing day's work. The progress down the river is much more rapid, the swiftness of the descent being sometimes perfectly frightful: boats are absolutely whirled along, and if, while forced at an almost inconceivable rate by the impetuosity of the current, they should strike against the keel of a former wreck, or come in contact with some of the numerous trees and other huge fragments, victims of the devouring wave, destruction is inevitable. The boat sinks at once, and the crew and passengers have little chance of escaping with their lives, unless at the moment of the concussion they jump into the river, and are able

to swim to shore. The crazy, ill-appointed state of the greater portion of the vessels which navigate the Ganges, renders it surprising that so little loss of life should be sustained from the vast multitudes who entrust themselves to such fragile conveyances upon a river which, when swelled by mountain floods, and vexed by ruffling gales, comes raging and roaring like a sea. It is seldom that small boats are attached to the larger craft, to put out in case of danger, and many persons may drown in the sight of a large fleet, without the possibility of being picked up.

Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks nearly as formidable, families proceeding to and from the upper provinces, generally prefer the river to any other mode of travelling, since, during the rains, though not the safest, it is by far the most practicable. Fresh arrivals, from Europe especially, find it easier to visit the places of their destination in the interior by water than by land; the necessary preparations are less extensive, and the fatigue and trouble of the journey greatly diminished. The safest and the most commodious kind of vessel, with respect to its interior arrangements, is a pinnace, but it is not so well calculated to pass the shallows and sandbanks of an ever-shifting stream, as the more clumsy and less secure budgerow. This boat, whose name is a native corruption of the word *barge*, is, therefore, usually chosen by European travellers, to whom time and expense are objects of importance. Though, to a certain extent, the term *clumsy* may fairly be applied to a budgerow, its construction and appearance are far from inelegant; with a little more painting and gilding, a few silken sails and streamers, and divested of the four-footed outside passengers and other incumbrances on the roof, it would make a very beautiful object in a picture, and in its present state it has the advantage of being exceedingly picturesque. The greater part of the lower deck is occupied by a range of apartments fitted up for the accommodation of the party engaging the boat; these are generally divided into a sleeping and a sitting room, with an enclosed verandah in front, which serves to keep off the sun, and to stow away various articles of domestic furniture. The apartments are surrounded on all sides with *venetians*, which exclude the sun in the day-time, and let in the air at night; and by those who are aware of the different kinds of annoyances to be guarded against in river-travelling, they may be rendered extremely comfortable. The addition of *chicks*, blinds made of bamboo split very fine, to be unrolled when the *ghil mills*, as the *venetians* are called, are opened, would prevent the invasions of those numerous armies of insects which after sunset infest the cabins; and those who do not consider rats desirable guests, will do well to provide themselves with a staunch terrier dog, or a couple of good cats, otherwise they may expect to be overrun with vermin, to the great increase of dirt and bad smells, and to the destruction of clothes and the supplies for the table. In front of the cabins, the deck is of circumscribed dimensions, affording only space for the boatmen, who, on descending the river, facilitate the progress of the vessel by means of long sweeps; the upper deck, therefore, or roof, is the chief resort of the crew and the servants. At the stern the helmsman stands, perched aloft, guiding a huge rudder; the *goleer*, stationed at the prow, ascertains the depth of the water by means of a long oar; and when the wind will permit, two large square sails are hoisted, with the assistance of which the lumbering vessel goes rapidly through the water. In addition to the furniture for the cabins, sea (or rather river) stock must be procured, consisting of groceries of all kinds, wine, beer, and brandy, salt provisions, tongues, hams, tamarind-fish,* flour, biscuits, and charcoal; a dozen or two of live fowls and ducks, and a couple of milch goats. As the budgerow is not calculated for a heavy or cumbersome freight, a baggage-boat is necessary for the conveyance of the goods and chattels of the party, and for the accommodation of those servants who cannot be conveniently retained on board the superior vessel. These boats are usually of the most dangerous description, and the number of accidents continually occurring to them, the destruction of property which, even if fished up from the depths of the Ganges, is totally spoiled, and the constant anxiety and alarm they occasion, would in almost any other country deter persons from hiring such rickety conveyances; but it is the custom to imperil the most valuable effects in this manner, and they are abandoned to the tender mercies of the winds and waves.

A *dinghee*, or wherry, is a very essential adjunct to river-navigation, but it is not always to be procured; and when one of these light skiffs cannot be attached to the larger craft, the communication between the cook-boat and the budgerow is frequently cut off. The former vessels are usually very heavy sailers (how they manage to get on at all, with their canvass in as ragged a condition as the pocket-handkerchief of Sylvester Daggerwood, is the wonder), and they are consequently often left at a long distance behind at the arrival of the hour of dinner. The unhappy passengers in the budgerow, after waiting in vain for the smoking supplies they had anxiously expected, are compelled to be satisfied with a less substantial meal of coffee, eggs, dried fish, or any thing else that their lockers may afford. Few persons venture to move after sunset, both on account of the dangers of the

* Fish cured with the acid juice of the tamarind.

navigation from the numerous shoals and other obstructions, and the increased expense, as it would be necessary to engage a double set of boatmen, the ordinary number being insufficient for the performance of extra duties. At daybreak in the morning, the vessel is usually pushed out into the stream, spreading her sails like those of "a wild swan in its flight," or proceeding more leisurely by the united exertions of sixteen men dragging at a rope fastened at the mast-head; breakfast is laid in the outer room, and is well supplied with luxurious fare.

After the breakfast has been cleared away, those persons who entertain any regard for their eyes or their complexions, will fasten the venetians, and, darkening the boat as much as possible, employ themselves in reading, writing, or working. But strangers find it difficult to abstain from the contemplation of the novel and wondrous scenes around them. The broad and sparkling river is covered with objects of interest and attraction. In some parts of the Ganges, every wave appears to bring with it clusters and coronets of the largest and most beautiful flowers: so numerous are the garlands which the worshippers of the deity of the stream throw into its glittering waters. The rich and luxuriant clusters of the lotus float down in quick succession upon the silvery current. Nor is it the sacred lotus alone which embellishes the wavelets of the Ganges; large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers pay an equal tribute; and the prows of the numerous native vessels navigating the stream are garlanded by long wreaths of the most brilliant daughters of the parterre. India may be called a paradise of flowers; the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously on the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some blossoming shrub dips its flowerets in the wave below.

In tracking, the budgerow is frequently not more than a yard or two from the water's edge, and nothing can be more gratifying to the eye than the moving panorama which the scenery of the Ganges exhibits. One of the most striking and magnificent features of an Indian river is the ghaut. The smallest villages on the banks of the Ganges possess landing-places, which we vainly seek in the richest and most populous parts of Europe. The Anglo-Indian, landing upon the English coast, is struck with the meanness of the dirty wooden staircases which meet his eye at Falmouth, Plymouth, and other places of equal note and importance. In India, wherever a town occurs in the vicinity of a river, a superb and spacious ghaut is constructed for the accommodation of the inhabitants: the material is sometimes granite, but more frequently well-tempered and highly-polished chunams. From an ample terrace, at the summit of the bank, broad steps descend into the river, inclosed on either side with handsome balustrades. These are not unfrequently flanked with beautiful temples, mosques, or pagodas, according to the creed of the founders; or the ghaut is approached through a cloistered quadrangle, having the religious edifice in the centre. The banian and the peepul fling their sacred branches over the richly-carved minarets and pointed domes, and those in the brahmin villages are crowded with troops of monks, whose grotesque and diverting antics contrast strangely with the devotional attitudes of the holy multitude performing their orisons in the stream. Nothing can be more animated than an Indian ghaut; at scarcely any period of the day is it destitute of groups of bathers, while graceful female forms are continually passing and repassing, loaded with water-pitchers, which are balanced with the nicest precision on their heads. The ghaut, with its cheerful assemblage, disappears, and is succeeded by some lofty overhanging cliff wooded to the top, and crowned with one of those beautiful specimens of oriental architecture scattered with rich profusion over the whole country. Green vistas next are seen, giving glimpses of rustic villages in the distance, and winding alleys of so quiet a character, that the passer-by may fancy that these sequestered lanes lead to the cottage-homes of England—a brief illusion speedily dissipated by the appearance of some immense herds of buffaloes, either wallowing in the mud, with their horns and the tips of their noses alone out of the water, or proceeding leisurely to the river's edge, which, when gained, is quitted for the stream.

The snorting multitude are left behind, and the scene changes again: deep forests are passed, whose unfathomable recesses lie concealed in eternal shade; savage jungles and marshy wastes; then cultivation returns; wide pastures are spread along the shore covered with innumerable herds; the gigantic elephant is seen under a tree, fanning off the flies with a branch of palm, or pacing along, bearing his master in a howdah, through the indigo plantations. European dwellings arise in the midst of park-like scenery, and presently the wild barbaric pomp of a native city bursts upon the astonished eye. Though the general character of the country is flat, the undulations occurring on the banks of the Ganges are quite sufficient to redeem the scenery from the charge of sameness or monotony. High and abrupt promontories diversify the plain; when the river is full, the boat frequently glides beneath beetling cliffs, crowned with the crumbling remnants of some half-ruined village, whose toppling houses are momentarily threatened with destruction, or covered with the eyries of innumerable birds, and tapestried with wild creepers, which fling their magnificent garlands down to the sands below. Other steeples are clothed with umbrageous foliage, and be-

tween the trees glimpses are caught of superb flights of stairs, the approach from the water of some beautiful pagoda peeping out upon the summit, the habitation and the temple of a brahmin, who occupies himself solely in prayer, and in weaving garlands, part of which he devotes to the altars which he serves, and part to the bright and flowing river. These exquisite buildings occur in the most lonely situations, apparently far from the dwellings of man, and the innumerable varieties of birds, some flying in large flocks, and others stalking solitary along the reedy shore, will at all times compensate for the absence of objects of greater importance.

The reputation for splendour of the Anglo-Indian style of living, appears to be fully borne out by the grandeur of the display made upon the banks of the Hooghly. The European towns which grace the shore are superb; palace succeeds to palace as the boat passes Ishara, Barrackpore, and its opposite neighbour Serampore, whose broad and beautiful esplanade presents one of the finest architectural landscapes imaginable; luxuriant gardens intervene between magnificent houses; some shaded with forest trees, others spreading their terraced fronts and pillared verandahs in the full glow of an eastern sun. The French settlement of Chandernagore, a little higher up, only inferior to its Danish neighbour, offers a less striking and imposing front, and though boasting houses of equal splendour, does not appear to so much advantage from the river, while Chinsurah, at a short distance, is infinitely more picturesque. Smaller habitations attract the eye, perched upon the summits of crags richly wreathed with multitudes of creeping plants, and through numerous openings between these lovely cliffs, blooming labyrinths appear, which have all the charms the imagination imparts to beauties only half-revealed.

Towards the middle of the day, the boat becomes insufferably hot; both sides have received the fierce glare of a burning sun; the heat is reflected from the water, which is now too dazzling for the eye to endure without pain; the morning breeze dies away, and it requires all the patience of a martyr to sustain the torments inflicted by the scorching atmosphere, especially as the roofs of the cabins are usually too low to allow a punkah to be hung. As the sun declines, the boat gradually cools down to a more agreeable temperature; and when the welcome shadows of the woods descend upon the deck, it is delightful to sit in the open air and watch the progress of the vessel, as it nears the shore, to the spot appointed as its station for the night. The moment that the budgerow is securely moored, a very active and animated scene commences: the domestics, whose services are not required on board, and all the crew, immediately disembark; fires are kindled for the various messes; those who are anxious for quiet and seclusion light up their fagots at a considerable distance from the boat. The rich background of dark trees, the blazing fires, the picturesque groups assembled round them, and the tranquil river below, its crystal surface crimson with the red glow of an Indian sunset, or the fleeting tint fading away, and leaving only the bright broad river—molten silver, or polished steel, as the dark shadows of the night advance, form an evening landscape always pleasing, and varying with the varying scenery of the ever-changing bank. While the cloth is laying in the cabin for dinner, the Europeans of the party usually walk along the sands of the river, or penetrate a short distance into the interior, sometimes passing through fields of indigo, or plantations of cotton, whose bursting pods strew the pathways; at others pausing to admire the feathery appearance of a beautiful species of grain, which resembles the snowy plumes of the ostrich, and, rising to the height of several feet, produces a magnificent effect as it is undulated by the passing breeze. The cultivated places are watched by vigilant guardians, whose duty it is to protect them from the incursions and depredations of men and beasts. At night, these persons frequently nestle like birds in the branches of the trees, some of the more luxurious having their charpoys (bedsteads) fastened on convenient boughs; in the day-time, they are perched up in a small wooden watch-tower, which, as they always sit, or rather squat, looks like the upper half of a sentry-box, raised upon a scaffold of bamboo.

It is curious to observe how very little accommodation is necessary to secure the comfort of a native in these happy climes; while Europeans are expiring with heat, the enjoyment of the Indian is unalloyed; he lives in the open air, cooks his simple meal of pulse and vegetables under a tree, and sleeps in a hut of straw scarcely large enough to contain his body. The pedestrian frequently comes upon one of these wigwags, for they are nothing more, and they seem to be favourite abodes, since gardeners in European families, who might be much better lodged, are fond of making a lair for themselves in some sequestered spot in the scene of their daily labours. A few branches are wattled together over-head, a screen of reeds placed in the direction of the wind, the earth is swept scrupulously clean, and the bed, a simple framework of bamboo laced together in a very ingenious manner with cord, does not look uninviting. If the heat of the day could be borne with impunity, this kind of sylvan life, realising the romantic notions of early youth the forest wanderings so often indulged in fancy, would be very delightful, especially where rich and nutritious fruits, some produced without cultiva-

tion and others by the lightest labour, hang temptingly within reach.

Night, always beautiful in India, assumes a still more lovely aspect when it spreads its soft veil over the voyagers on a river; the stars, which come shining forth along the deep blue sky, inlay the waters beneath with glittering ingots; the flowers give out their most delicious odours, and rock and tree, hut and temple, are invested with a double charm. Sleep does not often deign to light upon the lids of those who voyage up the river in a budgerow. The scrambling of rats upon the venetians, which they use as ladders, and their races over the bed, if not provided with musquito-curtains, effectually disturb the slumbers, and the stings of insects, which even the musquito-curtains fail to keep out, render the couch any thing but a place of rest.

THE PRIOR OF ST MICHEL.

The Landscape Annual for 1834, which is altogether devoted to descriptions of French scenery, contains a most wickedly amusing story; nevertheless, one calculated to make us look back with horror on the barbarism of the period in which it was transacted. The story turns upon the fate of a certain Prior of St Michel, who lived in the time of Louis the Eleventh, a monarch whose unscrupulous habits in reference to such as were displeasing to him, are so strikingly depicted in *Quentin Durward*. The worthy churchman had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he loitered so long that he was given up for lost, and a new prior appointed in his stead. At length he returned, to the great annoyance of his successor, and also of the king, whose promise of something better at a future time was, with him, quite unavailing. The Prior of St Michel he had set out, prior he had returned, prior he was, and he would live and die the Prior of St Michel.

Agreeably to this fixed determination, the old prior lost no occasion of appearing in the presence of King Louis—at all hours, and at all seasons; in the levee and out of the levee, there stood the worthy old man, often in respectful terms beseeching that his former priory might be restored to him. It was in vain: the king's supremacy was not to be called in question. But when he no longer dared to press his suit, he stood there as before; and his looks and very silence were a more eloquent appeal than words could make it. It annoyed Louis; he at last grew angry, and the scowl that hung upon his brow announced that the rash petitioner's days were numbered. That morning, on quitting the levee, the king called to him, Master Tristan, his faithful and dreaded secret executioner—"Friend Tristan!" quoth the king, "canst thou not dispose, without delay, of this prior of St Michel, so that I be no longer troubled with him?" Even a hint to Tristan, as it usually was, would have been sufficient; but this broad and marked denunciation was equivalent to at least a score of ordinary death-warrants; for seldom had he seen the black spot, which portended a rising storm, more distinctly dark upon his master's brow. It was fate, the will of Heaven, and the certainty of unalterable doom to the eye of Tristan; and the quicker, perhaps, he executed it, the better for himself. At least so reasoned Tristan; and accordingly, that same evening, he paid a visit to the prior, whom, to his surprise, he found, little dreaming of his approaching fate, engaged in spending a festive hour in the society of a few of his most particular friends. Being well known as a favourite at court, Tristan was received with the utmost politeness, and requested by the host to take a seat, and pledge him to the health of their excellent sovereign. Tristan could not but assent; and having sat and chatted a little while, he requested a minute's conversation with the good prior in another apartment. The moment they were alone, Tristan opened his commission, presenting the royal order and a large sack, into which he invited the prior to step without delay, in order that he might have the honour of speedily throwing him into the Seine. He was not even allowed time to send an apology for his involuntary absence to his guests; for, bagging the prior, Tristan took the shortest path to the river. The ensuing morning, as the king was employed in taking the air in his palace gardens, with the faithful Tristan at his side, consulting upon matters appertaining to the welfare for his realm, and chatting over the affair of the prior—whom, thanks to friend Tristan, he hoped never more to behold—what was the king's horror, on turning an alley, to meet the identical old prior himself! "Ah, traitor!" cried the king, turning to Tristan, "didst thou not assure me thou hadst rid me of this eternal plague, and here he confronts me again?" "Sire!" answered the alarmed favourite, "you charged me to rid you of the prior of St Michel, and I drowned him only yesterday evening in the river; this is the ex-prior. But if there be any mistake, I will put it right; there are plenty of priors, and this night you shall complain no more of the old one here." "Is it so indeed?" cried the king, laughing, for he had much legitimate merriment in his disposition, "then all is right. One prior is enough at a time, and let him live now as long as it may please Heaven. Go, old man," he added, "you will now find your priory vacant; but to have two priors at once, there is no bearing that."

Column for the Bops.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS—In the last column which I wrote for your entertainment, I gave you an outline of the most remarkable characteristics in those funny little insects, the ants; and I now intend to tell you some things equally curious and instructive about spiders. I know you have often destroyed the webs of spiders when they came in the way of your amusement, and that you consider spiders nasty little animals, of no use whatever, but only a trouble to people, and, therefore, liable to be crushed under foot when they make their appearance. Still, I can tell you, spiders are a very singular kind of animals; they are a curious people; and in them we find manifested the strongest instances of wisdom in the Creator. Although we may lightly be inclined to suppose that they are useless, and that the world, at least our houses, would be better without them, on serious reflection we would be disposed to think otherwise. Spiders are by no means useless animals. They are of a ravenous disposition, and mostly live on other little creatures; but in doing so they are of service, in preventing the undue multiplication of various troublesome insects, and are, therefore, like some kinds of ants, really the friends of human beings.

As you all know what spiders are like, I need not here go into a scientific account of their formation: that would only tire you. They have a little ball-like body, supported on eight long slender legs, by which they can run with amazing rapidity; they have no division between the head and shoulders, as is commonly the case with insects; they breathe by means of gills, situated under their belly; and on the front and top of their head, they have, for the most part, eight eyes. The arrangement of these eyes is one of the most striking features in the animal, and is employed by naturalists to distinguish the various species. These eight eyes are, in the different species, placed in all sorts of ways; sometimes in two semi-circular rows; sometimes almost in a circle, with others in the middle; sometimes in two lines, diverging from a point; and generally, in their appearance, putting us in remembrance of the rows of buttons on the breast of a soldier's jacket. It has never been exactly told why spiders should have eight eyes, or why their eyes are arranged in the way I have here mentioned; and it is quite enough for us to comprehend, in general terms, that the vision of spiders is so ordained, simply because it best suits their natures and pursuits. They have need to look out at little holes in their nests, to watch not only their prey, but, at the same time, the different corners of their webs; and in walking along the roofs of apartments, they must necessarily have the power of looking downwards from the crown of their heads, if such an expression can be properly used. We may be at least certain, that Nature has not given them more eyes than they require, or placed them otherwise than is most agreeable to their habits. In short, as I have said, spiders are a curious people—a people at war with other races of insects, and so a people who require to have all their eyes about them.

Spiders have no wings; but as by their nature they require to proceed through the air from place to place, this want has been most wonderfully compensated by the power which has been bestowed upon them of shooting forth fine lines from their bodies, on which they can walk across from point to point, as on a bridge. Now, the process by which even the smallest spider forms this line or bridge is one of the most remarkable in the whole system of animated nature—certainly more so than the spinning of silk by caterpillars, which is less complicated, as the same end is not required. To enable spiders to spin these lines, they possess the property of secreting a fine glutinous liquid substance in their bodies, which rests ready for use in certain bags or reservoirs, and from these receptacles the liquid proceeds to be emitted by five different tests. It is found again that these tests or spinnerets are studded with regular rows of minute bristle-like points, about a thousand to each test, making in all from five to six thousand. These points are minute tubes, called by naturalists spinnerules, each being connected with the internal reservoir, and emitting a thread of inconceivable fineness. When in the process of forming lines, therefore, the spider forces out five thousand fine threads, which being immediately brought together into one, much in the manner of rope-spinners, they thus form a single line fit for any purpose they require. Now, is not this a most extraordinary process to be carried on by such an insignificant little creature as a spider? It is certainly marvellous. Perhaps you may be inclined to doubt that each of the threads of a spider's web is composed of so many as five thousand threads twisted into one; but I can assure you, that naturalists, by the aid of magnifying glasses, have discovered such to be the case beyond all possibility of doubt; and I will show you why there should be such a complex process. You must know that two objects are required to be gained by the spider in spinning its threads. The threads must be made strong enough to bear the burden of the spider's body, and to do so immediately they must dry and be ready for use as soon as they are emitted. By at first coming out in such fine lines, they are individually exposed to the air before meeting, and thus the thread formed by the junction is instantaneously of that firm consistence which is so essentially requisite. If the spider spun at first only one stout line instead of so

many small ones, it would be long in drying, and would never be strong enough either to form its bridge or its web.

It seems that naturalists have had many differences of opinion on the way in which the spider is enabled to send forth its lines or threads from point to point. Many scientific men, misled by appearances, have supposed that the animal possesses a power of shooting or darting out its threads with such a velocity and so sure an aim, as to cause them to proceed towards and adhere to the object desired. This account of the shooting of the lines is proved to be absurd. The spider has no such power. It attaches its lines to distant objects entirely by the aid of the atmosphere or wind, which floats away the thread to the required point. Without a little stream of air, it cannot shoot a line; but, on the other hand, so very slight a breath of air will answer its purpose, that it is rarely at a loss for the means of conveyance for its threads. That this is the most correct account of the shooting of lines by spiders, is sufficiently proved by the following experiment, tried by the intelligent editor of the article "Insect Architecture," in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge:—"So far as we have determined, all the various species of spiders, how different soever their webs may be, proceed in the circumstance of shooting their lines precisely alike; but those which we have found the most manageable in experimenting, are the small gossamer spider, known by its shining blackish-brown body and reddish-brown semi-transparent legs; but particularly the long-bodied spider, which varies in colour from green to brownish or grey—but has always a black line along the belly, with a silver white or yellowish one on each side. The latter is chiefly recommended by being a very industrious and persevering spinner, while its movements are easily seen from the long cylindrical form of its body and the length of its legs. We placed these two species, with five or six others, in empty wine-glasses set in tea-saucers, filled with water to prevent their escape. When they discovered, by repeated descents from the brims of the glasses, that they were thus surrounded by a wet ditch, they all set themselves to the task of throwing their silken bridges across. For this purpose, they first endeavoured to ascertain in what direction the wind blew, or which way any current of air set, by elevating their arms as we have seen sailors do in a dead calm. But as it may prove more interesting to keep to an individual, we shall watch the proceedings of the gossamer spider. Finding no current of air on any quarter of the brim of the glass, it seemed to give up all hopes of constructing its bridge of escape, and placed itself in the attitude of repose; but no sooner did we produce a stream of air, by blowing gently towards its position, than, fixing a thread to the glass, and laying hold of it with one of its feet by way of security, it placed its body in a vertical position, with its spinnerets extended outwards; and immediately we had the pleasure of seeing a thread streaming out from them several feet in length, in which the little aeronaut sprung up into the air."

It is by the process I have now noticed that spiders send forth their threads from hedgerows, and other elevated places, across roads, and towards any object they are desirous of reaching; and it is by the exercise of the same faculty that they construct their webs or nests in the corners of apartments, or other fit places of residence. These webs are generally made in a circular form, with threads diverging from a central point; and the meshes are regulated in a very neat manner, by the spider measuring with its legs, as it goes round, the exact distances betwixt the threads. The limbs of the spider are well adapted for holding by the threads, or for clearing away any matter from the surface of the web, or from its own body. Each foot has three claws, one of which acts as a thumb; the others are toothed in the inside like a comb; and with these the animal combs its legs, or smooths its threads from particles of dust.

One of the chief points of character in spiders, is their living in solitude. Many other insects, as ants and bees, can exist only in communities; but the spider spends its days in its own separate cell, and depends entirely on itself for the means of subsistence. Of all the solitary insects, the spider is the most sagacious; and its industry is not less surprising than that of any other animal whatever. Goldsmith gives an example of the exceeding industry and perseverance of a house spider, which I extract from his works for your entertainment. "I perceived, about four years ago (says he), a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his

stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but waits patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger."

In the West Indies and other warm countries there is a species of spiders known by the name of mason-spiders, which do not form webs like the foregoing, but dig holes in the earth of about three inches in length, and one in diameter. This cavity the animal lines with a thick compact material of the same description as the spider's web, and which, when taken from the ground, resembles a purse. The most wonderful part of this curious structure is the door or lid, which is of about the size of a crown piece. It is nicely and strongly joined at one part to the opening of the nest, and the material being quite elastic, an excellent hinge, having the property of shutting the door spontaneously, is thus formed. You may well ask, my dear little boys, how a poor spider, living in the ground, and without instruction, knows how to construct a nest so ingenious as that which I describe—how it possesses the art of forming a hinge as nice as that you see on any sort of box? But in this we only see another instance of the wonders of nature. The spider makes its door and its hinge entirely by the force of natural instinct, or a knowledge which has been wisely given to it by the Creator.

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